I wil not ruinate my fathers houſe,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the ſtones together:
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Thinkeſt thou
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life?
And ſo proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes:
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard*, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence forth I will proue no more vnconſtant.
*Ed.* Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſerued our hate.
*Glo.* Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.
*War.* Oh paſsing traitour, periurde, and vniuſt.
*Ed.* Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue the Towne & fight?
Or ſhall we beate the ſtones about thine eares?
*War.* Why, I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee battaile *Edward*, if thou dareſt.
*Ed.* Yes *Warwicke*, he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, ſaint *George* and victorie.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.*

*War.* Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke*, or *VVarwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes:
Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top braunch ouerpeer'd *Ioues* ſpreading tree:
The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to Kingly ſepulchers,
For who liu'd King but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?

Lo



Loe now my glorie ſmeerd in duſt and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannours that I had,
Euen now forſake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

*Enter Oxford, and Sommerſet.*

*Ox.* Ah *Warwicke*, *VVarwicke*, cheere vp thy ſelfe and liue,
For yet there is hope enough to win the day,
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *Fraunce*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And might'ſt thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
*VVar.* Why, then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to ods,
For many woundes receiu'd and many moe repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needes muſt I yeeld to death.
*Sem.* Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his laſt,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie,
And ſaie, commend me to my valient brother,
And more he would haue ſaide, and more he ſaide,
Which founded like a clamour in a vaulte,
That could not bediſtinguiſht for the ſounde,
And ſo the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghoſt.
*VVar.* What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet die we muſt.
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flie Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *VVarwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

*He dies.*

*Oxf.* Come noble *Sommerſet*, lets take our Horſe,
And cauſe retraite be ſounded through the Campe,
That all our friendes that yet remaine aliue,
May be awarn'd, and ſaue them ſelues by flight.
That done, with them weele poſt vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the fielde. *Exambe.*

*Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, with ſouldiers.*

*Ed.* Thus ſtill our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples With trimphant ioyes.

The